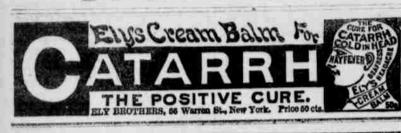
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SAPOLIO



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Will Cure Cramps, Colic, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints.

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DOM'T SEND ANY TAGS SEFORE JANUARY I, 1894.

bebet immeliably stort Politing these prizes in this county will be published in thu

THE W.T. SORG COMPANY, MIDDLESSORS, OHIO. MAND—SPEAR HEAD pressures move qualities of intrinsac value than any other tokense relatively the forest states and destinctively different in flavor from any other plurices of any similar and destinctively different in flavor from any other plure plurices and destinctively different in flavor from any other plure plurices are an indicated by most skeptical flow. It is the integer seder of any similar as and testing the proves that it flavor the proper and pleases the same flavor and destinctively different in flavor flavor flavor and destinated and pleases the same flavor and destinated and pleases the same flavor flavor flavor and destinated and pleases the same flavor f CAUTION.—No There will be received before January let, 1891, nor after February let, 1891, nor a

Total Sumber of Prizes for this County, 226. To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest from the ONE HUNDRED TAGS, we will give to each it To the OME HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGG we will give to each I ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM TOOTH PICK BHOIG HLOOT OOL SHAINM JANDON OF To the VIVE PARTIES sending us the next greatest mumber of specific HEAD TAGS, we will give to each, I OPERA GLASS. We will distribute 226 of these prizes in this county as follows:
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TAGGS from Indis county we will give

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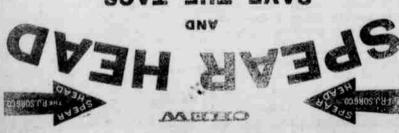
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ALPENA ARGUS

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Days of mingled joy and grief,
Days of toil and sweet relief,
Days of languor sore, and pain,
Days of smiling rest again;
All fave passed, and now to day,
Time pauses on his hurried way,
Smiling with meaning gravely sweet,
And lays a birthday at your feet.
Much the years have brought to thee:
A tender, boundless charity,
A calm and gracious womanhood. A tender, boundless charity,
A caim and gracious womanhood.
The strength which wraps the truly good,
A charm of manner like the seest
Of violets with breezes blent.
Life, from his treasures manifold,
Hath poured on you his purest gold.
And underneath the strain of care.
Like chords of music quaint and rare.
Soft breathings of affection come.
And fill with melody the home.
Sweet heart: Those dear hands of thins
Are made for ministries divine;
For spothing weary ones to rest.
For chapping children to thy breast.
For true love's service, simple, sweet,
Leading souls to the Master's feet.
All life is richer, deeper far
Because of thee: like a gleaming star
Thy quiet life will brighten all
The darkened way where said hearts fall
Oh, sweetest, dearest truth divine Oh, sweetest, dearest truth divine That love's pure light will ever shine! All life will ever live and move Sustained by the Etornal Love Thy earnest soul will live to bless, With precious stores of tenderness, With never-failing charity. Through cycles of eternity. The children in the Father's home;

Find everlasting peace and rest.

-Frances Cheney, in Boston Budget. and his good wife, Aunt Furbay Low, for are jolly old

Helping the weakest one to come

And leaning on the Father's breast

people, and Aunt Furbay Low's penchant for match-making is the source of a great deal of Furniture susement for all her friends. Before she married Uncle Si she was the widow Furbay, the lamented Furbay having died at the age of fifty, leaving his widow to arrange a match for herself, a thing that she was fully capable of doing, as was proven by the fact that she was led to the altar by Uncle Si in considerably less than a year after Mr. Furbay had "gone over," to quote the somewhat non-committal language of the pastor who ministered to the spiritual wants of the members of the little country church of which he had nearly ten years before he fell victim to Cupid's arrows and the charms of Aunt Furbay, there were those in the eighborhood who meanly intimated

urting, but that does not interfere

ouple to visit, and, if the story were a true one, it has not the remotest connection with the one I have to tell. It was last fall that I went, according to promise, to visit Uncle Si and his "companion." I had written them when I was coming, and as the little river steamer bumped up against the wharfboat at Ripley, I saw my old friend on the lookout. That portion of his face that was not hidden by his full beard, and the twinkling of his bright gray eyes, assured me that my welcome was a cordial one, and in a few minutes we were spinning up the road toward his home. Uncle Si asked me so many questions about myself that I had no time to inquire about his people further than to get the assurmiddlin'," which was Uncle Si's way of saying that she was in perfect health. I did ask about about John Furbay, Aunt Furbay's son, and Uncle Si told me he was married, in a very matter of fact way, and when I asked to whom, I received the very indefinite informa-tion that his bride had been a "gal up our way." From the scantiness information given me I suspected there was something unpleasant connected with his marriage, and dropped the subject without further remark than to express surprise, when I did not feel

the least symptoms of that emotion. As we drove up to the gate in front of Uncle Si's home, Aunt Furbay came down to meet us and tell me I was as 'welcome as the flowers in May" and ask me more questions than I could have answered in a week, but as she did not pause for an answer to any of them I added to my reputation with her of being "being a sensible young man who never tries to cut a person off when they're talkin'." Uncle Si went on to take care of the team and I followed Aunt Furbay into the house and was shown into the sacred and solemn gloom of the "spare room" which was only opened to the most welcome guests. I soon escaped from the prison like order that prevailed and wandered down to the kitchen. Here I found a blooming lassie whom I had never met I supposed she was the hired



girl and probably the daughter of some neighbor who had a surplus of daugh-ters. She blushed prettily as I walked into the room. I spoke to her in the idlotic manner that is in rogue when two are obliged to speak without a formal introduction, and stepped out on the porch where I could see the grand old hills that loomed up in the purpling shades of the coming evening. uld not help speculating abo John Furbay's marriage, and I concluded that one of Aunt Furbay's matchmak-

Blood

Builder

ing efforts had miscarried.

Presently Uncle Si and Aunt Furbay came in and while she and the girl I had seem were putting the finishing touches to the supper table, which had been waiting my coming. Uncle Si came out on the porch to tell me that his to-bacco crop was of excellent quality and much heavier than usual. In a short time we were called to supper, and Aunt Furbay introduced me to the youdg lady by saying: "This is Netta."

After supper Uncle Si and I went
back to the porch and he lighted his
corncob pipe, while I drew deep
breaths of the cool breeze from the

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none than my more than my



impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running seres. Our family physician could to me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's arsaparilla. I took three ottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the ers remain, and the

mory of the past, to Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me." For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

KEENAN

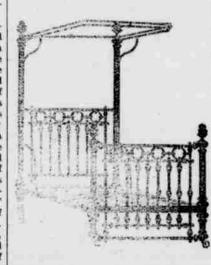
Of Detroit.

Are right to the front this Spring, with full lines of everything in

AND

Brass Beds, Folding Beds, Dressers, Chiffoniers, Onyx Tables, Parlor Tabeen a member. In view of the fact bles, Cabinets, Side Boards, Silver that Uncle Si had been a widower for Cases, Dining Chairs, Desks, Book Cases, Combination Cases,

Particular attention is called their most magnificent stock of Brass hat in this case the lady had done the and Iron Beds. Every housekeeper ith the fact that they were a good old appreciates the advantages to be gained in using these beds



CURTAINS.

Louis XIV and XV, Renaissance, Brussels Point, Irish Point, Phrygian, Nottingham, and every other style of in artistic drapery, and furnishing homes after special designs.

Hundreds of ladies in Alpena, Saginaw and Bay City are delighted with the work done for them by this

They furnish special designs for any kind of fine interior work, and take calculated on givin' her a good settin' the greatest care to make everything out, for she thought a sight of her an' kind of fine interior work, and take right up to date.

KEENAN & JAHN. 213, 215 217 Woodward avenue.

Cleanse The Vitiated Blood When you see Its impurities **Bursting through** The Skin In Pimples,

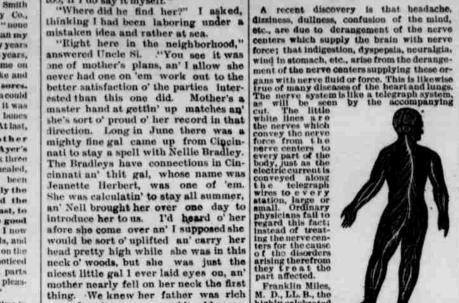
Blotches And Sores. Rely on Sulphur Bitters and Health will follow.

Garfield Tea

Cures Constipation TELEGRAPHY

river and the dim Kentucky hills be-

yond.
"Yes," said Uncle Si, presently, as if
yontinuing a conversation that had
been recently broken off, "John's narried and he's got a nice little wife too, if I do say it myself."



none o' my own, I set a good store by him an' wanted him to do well; so I sort o' fell in with mother's plans, an' when I see that the two on 'em was a gittin' along mighty well together, I kind o' patted myself on the back over the way things was a goin'. Nellie an' John had allus been good friends, an' it wasn't long afore the boy got to goin' over every whipstitch on some erknowed the thing was as good as set-

as mud, an' we was considerably sur-

tled an' nade our plans accordin'. "About this time John got a letter from an old schoolmate tellin' him that he might look for company any day, an' sure enough in a fev days along comes as fine a-look-in feller as you could wish to see. When he first came he allowed he'd stay a week, but he kep' lingerin' along till finally mother she said she believed Phil-Phil Hunt was his name-was

Curtains, "I'd noticed myself that he was sorter hangin' round where she was, but bless you. I hadn't mother's keen scent for that sort o' thing, an' never gave it a second thought. Nellie Bradley an' Miss Herbert seemed to have a great likin' for the gal, too, an' very fre-quently they'd run over an' talk to her in the evenin' an' then John an' the gal would go home with them across the fields, an' I never see a lot o young folks get along more friendly together, an' when young Tom Harkness come home an' begun to pay a good deal of attention to Nellie, mother was jest wild, for there was a chance to make three matches to once, an' you might say, kill three birds with one

"Mother said our girl would make a splendid wife for anybody, and she'd been real scared that John would fall in love with her, cause no one on airth could say a word agin her, an' she wanted John to marry a little higher in the social speer than to take a farmer's daughter. Mother, you know, is a leetle inclined to be aristocratic on some p'ints.

"Wall, things went on in a perfectly satisfactory manner for more'n a month, an' mother an' me had it all fixed, how we was a-going to set John up in business. He had a little property from his father, an' mother she' got quite a passel o' money one place an' another, an' I've got a little down to the bank at Ripley that Cashier Shoe maker takes care of for me, so puttin this an that together we could gather up a right tidy sum on a pinch.

ley's every night, or else Nellie an' Miss Herbert an' Tom they come over here, an' mother kep' me awake half the night every mortal night tellin' me how tickled she was that John was a-goin' to do so well, an' she even got up a plan to have three weddin's all at one she could with the hired girl, whose mother was a widder an' not very well off in this world's goods. Phil wasn't very well fixed himself, only his eddication an' his position as a book-keeper in Cincinnati to keep a wife on, but the gal was a good housekeeper, an' savin', an' jest the gal for Phil to a T. She her mother before her, and she was so tickled to think that John was not goin' to marry her that she felt pretty tol'able liberal toward her.

"I listened to mother so much that I swow I got interested in the business, an' most of the time I was a-workin some scheme or 'nother to help her

Just then Aunt Furbay came out on the porch and Uncle Si settled back on his chair and began to stroke his whiskers in a meditative manuer.
"You'd better finish the story I've been tellin' Harry," he said to her, as she bestowed herself in a capacious

"What was you a-tellin' him?" quer ied Aunt Furbay.
"I was jest a-tellin' him about how you made some matches among the young folks an' got John married off,"

was the answer.

"Now Simon Peter Low," said Aunt Furbay, "if you ain't the biggest born idiot I ever see. You can't never keep your mouth shet about anything, an' you go an' blab everything you know the first chance you get. "I-might as well tell you the straight

of it," she continued, turning to me, "for I know pap can't never tell a thing jest as it is. How much did he tell

fell in love with Miss Herbert an' Phil Hunt with the hired girl," interposed Uncle Si, chuckling as if he had perpetrated a joke.
"Oh," sniffed Aunt Furbay, "you did,
did you? I'll tell the rest of it then."

"They ain't much to tell," she be gan, ignoring Uncle Si and addressing me, "only one day the young folks went off over to the Kentucky side to spend the day a-philanderin through the country. At the last minit the hired girl didn't want to go and John took her to task for wantin' to spoil the took her to task for wantin' to spoil the fun, an' they had a long talk out on this very porch, and finally she cried, an' John he said he wouldn't go 'less she did, and then she got ready, an' afore she started she come an' kissed me as if she didn't never expect to see me agin, an' I felt real sorry to see her feelin' so blue over the trip.

me agin, an' I felt real sorry to see her feelin' so blue over the trip.
"I had a sort o' queer feelin' all day that something was a-goin' to happen, an' I was skeered o' my life for the

SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY!

A Great Mistake.

A recent discovery is that headache diminess, duliness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, wind in stomach, etc., arise from the derange-ment of the nerve centers supplying these or-

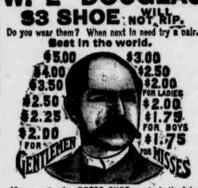
as mud, an' we was considerably surprised when we found that she could cook an' do any other kind o' work as well as if she had to work for a livin'.

"Twasn't a week afore mother begun to hint around that Miss Bradley would make a mighty good match for our John, and I knowed he was good enough for anybody, for he's had a good deal o' money spent on him a-givin' him an eddication up to Lebanon, an' to Delaware, an' it did seem as if he orter get a wife from the pick o' all the gals in creation. John ain't my boy, you know, but seein' I never had none o' my own, I set a good store by him an' wanted him to do well; so I

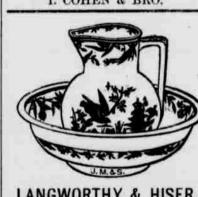
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LANGWORTHY & HISER.

Before fitting out your table with new dishes, come and look over our "As I was a sayin', things was goin' new dishes, come and look over our on at a merry pace. John an' Phil an' line. We will be sure to please the hired gal they went over to Brad-you with our large assortment of fancy

Japanese baskets in all sizes, wor baskets, lunch baskets in all kinds for use or ornament.

Pins 1c a paper. Thread 10c dz. Curtain desired. They especially time in the church down to Ripley, an' Laces in cotton and linen torchon, pride themselves on their great skill she lowed that she would do the best fine orientals, valencienn, in new and pretty patterns. Scientific American



YOU WANT a PIANO, an ORGAN, a BILLIARD TABLE or a latest style HAT?

These articles and many of similar value have been offered by public spirited and charitable merchants to lend interest to the great Puzzle Combinations, which is issued for the benefit of the fund for Sick and disabled journalists. PRICE 10 CENTS. and if you solve the puzzle you can have any one of the prizes you select which will be given away to those solving the puzzle. Don't fail to secure this latest craze at once for 10 cents and thus amuse and instruct yourself and at the same time aid a worthy cause.

Address, N. Y. PRESS CLUB BUILD ING & CHARITY FUND, TEMPLE COURT, N. Y

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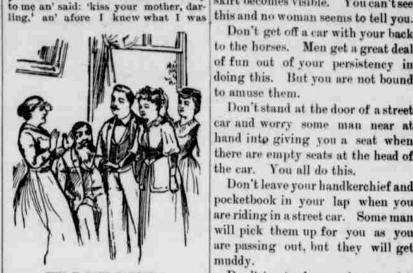
GENERAL BLACKSMITH

All Work Warranted

a mighty sight better when I see the whole lot o' them a-comin' in' safe an'

"They all come up the road laughin' as if there wasn't no such thing as sorrow in the world, but they kind o' quieted down afore they got to the house an' they came in lookin' sort o' queer an' skeered like. When they'd all got in John he kind o' blushed up an' turnin' to Phil an' Miss Herbert,

said: 'Mother, this is Mr. and Mrs. Hunt; they were married to-day accordin' to the laws o' Kentucky.' "You could a-knocked me down with feather an' not half tried, an' pap he simply laid back in his chair as if he was goin' into a conniption then an' there. Afore I had time to say a soli-tary word John he took the hired girl by the arm an' said: 'This is your daughter, Mrs. John Furbay,' an' he put his arm around her an' led her up



a-doin' I had my arms around her neck he thought it was a good joke on m couldn't tell him a secret without it's gettin' all over the country, an' I fooled him this time if ever mortal man was

"Waal I should say you did," assented Uncle Si. "You even fooled your-

TALES OF STRENGTH.

Men Who Could Kill a Bull with Their

After the Spanish occupation of the Frand Canary a certain enormous stone was for a long time pointed out as one of the instruments of the Gaunche the passage of the then new Erie athletic courses. The natives had been canal, in 1825, there being no such able to lift it, set it on their shoulders and even throw it over their heads. thing as a telegraph line in those Their degenerate posterity and the days, the news was communicated Sparsards could not raise it from the ground. Tradition has immortalized to New York and to Buffalo by one Adargoma, of Grand Canary, who cannons placed within hearing could wrestle for two consecutive distance of each other all the way hours, and having been thrown under-most in a certain contest got his antagonist between his legs and arms other cities. The signal was pass-and squeezed him so that his bones be-gan to crack. The native was subsequently sent as a prisoner to Spain, to New York city and back again where he astounded the people by his performances. One day, in Seville, he was visited by a brawny youth of La experiment was a costly one, but Mancha, who was anxious to try a successful in every particular. bout with him. "My good friend," said Adargoma. "as we are going to wrestle together it is only reasonable hat we should begin by drinking some- loa! there goes that woman Sharpe's thing." A large bowl of wine having been brought, he took this in one hand and continued to address his challenger: "If with both your arms you ment) - Where? Who? Where? can overpower one of mine, so as to hinder me from drinking every drop of That—in the gray? Why, George, this wine, we will try our strength to how ridiculous you are! That's gether. If not, you may return to your his wife! ' The struggle took place, and Adargoma by degrees drained the bowl in the coolest manner without spilling Ex. drop of the wine. His one hand was nore than a match for the two. It See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents. was reckoned nothing out of the common for a man to take an untethered

for, one day, hearing that an enraged bull had broken loose and was in the street, he ran out, and, grasping it by the leg, threw it down and so held it until its owner was able to secure it. This doughty son of the church before his death chanced to have one of his his death chanced to have one of his legs amputated for a caucer. It was

"The man I marry," she said, fondly, "must possess all the graces and none of the failings of his sex."

"You are worthy of it," he rejoined edging closer. 'He must be upright, generous, wit ty, bright, vivacious, keen, cutting, splendid."
"Yes."

"He must be loving, forgiving, will ing, able, lively, dashing, valorous."

"He must be succinct, precise, de-termined, caudid, rich, handsome, ten "He must." "And blue-eyed, and white-winged

and musical, and lyrical, and poetical and rhapsical." "I have a plan," said the man on the sofa. "I think I can find a man for "My darling!" she fluttered, looking

pucker her lips. "You will find your man in the graveyard. Only men of extraordinary virtues die, you know," he said, edging away and reaching for his hat, "it is tolerably certain that few of the other

worlds and worlds, and preparing to

kind survive." Now she must wait till next leap year.—Once a Week.

WHAT GIRLS DISLIKE.

Half a Dozen Instances Where They Ex-pressed Themselves. I asked a bevy of bright girls to-day what they most dislike in man Said No 1: "I dislike to have him make apologies for his dress. A man should never speak of his clothes to a lady."

"I dislike to have a man agree with me in everything I say and never offer an amendment." Said No. 4: "I dislike a man who talks on one

subject until he exhausts it and me. I want him to change the topic before I am tired of it." "I loathe a man who is afraid of

drafts, and who is forever fussing about doors and windows, irrespective of other people's comfort.' Said No. 6: "I detest a cynical man who has no

faith in human nature or motives, and who is always talking pessimism."
So now, my dear boys, put this in your pipe and smoke it!—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Said by a Man.

Don't be sorry you're a woman, says the Albany Express. The feeling does you no good, and it's

not generous to us. Don't hate other women so Think of the way you look at one

another in the street. Don't keep all your politeness for us. Don't keep smoothing the wrinkles

out of your waist. A few wrinkles will keep you from looking hideously smooth, like

a fashion plate. Don't have your skirt badly fastened at the back so that your underskirt becomes visible. You can't see

Don't get off a car with your back to the horses. Men get a great deal of fun out of your persistency in doing this. But you are not bound to amuse them.

Don't stand at the door of a street car and worry some man near at hand into giving you a seat when there are empty seats at the head of the car. You all do this,

Don't leave your handkerchief and pocketbook in your lap when you are riding in a street car. Some man will pick them up for you as you are passing out, but they will get muddy.

Don't try to have a long waist For three thousand years the an' was givin' her a good huggin'. Pap artists—the professors and conservatories of beauty-have been an' he pretends I had made other plans, but I found out a good while ago that I saying that a short waist is the more beautiful. At last please take the

Don't wait until you get in front of a ticket office window before self."-Harry Newell Carew, in Ohio taking out your pocketbook. The wives of the eight men who are patiently waiting the opportunity to buy tickets are wondering why they are so late at home.

When the first vessel completed

Robinson (at the window). - Hal-

Robinson. Exactly, my dear.

Upon receipt of your address and fifmon for a man to take an untethered ox by the horn with one hand and slay it with the other. A certain native-born priest of Grand Canary, in the seventeenth century, showed that he inherited some of his ancestor's vigor, inal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to he prized. It contains full page

then found that his thigh bone was solid, with no trace of marrow. It must be confessed, however, that the relics of the Canarians now found in their burying places do not bear out the inference that this was a national characteristic, though their dimensions are certainly a testimony of the strength and size of their late proprietors.—National Review.

The Charity of Death.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and shoes who have now the opportunity to try it Free. Call on the advertised Druggist and get a Trial Bottle, Free. Send your, name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. J. E. Field & Co's. drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilbians, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or nopay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. E. Field & Co.

The Pyramid Pile Cure Is a new discovery for the prompt, per-manent cure of Piles in every form. Every druggist has it.

In Paint the chespest. White Lead is best; properly applied it will not scale, chip, chalk, or rub off; it firmly adheres to the wood and forms a permanent base for repainting. Paints which peel or scale have to be removed by scraping or burning before satisfactory repainting can be done. When buying it is important to obtain

Strictly Pure White Lead

properly made. Time has proven that white lead made by the "Old Dutch" white lead made by the "Old Dutch process of slow corrosion possesses qualities that cannot be obtained by any other method of manufacture. This process consumes four to six months time, and produces the brands that have given White Lead its character as the standard paint.

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